NUMB. XVII.

The GUARDIAN.

———*Minimumque libidine peccant.* Juv.

Tuesday, March 31. 1713.

IF it were poſſible to bear up againſt the Force of Ridicule, which Faſhion has brought upon People for acknowledging a Veneration for the moſt Sacred things, a Man might ſay that the time we are now in is ſet apart for Humiliation; and all our Actions ſhould at preſent more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty Years ago an eminent Divine, who was alſo moſt exactly well-bred, told his Congregation at *Whitehall*, That if they did not vouchſafe to give their Lives a new Turn, they muſt certainly go to a Place which he did not think fit to name in that Courtly Audience. It's with me as with that Gentleman; I would, if poſſible, repreſent the Errors of Life, eſpecially thoſe ariſing from what we call Gallantry, in ſuch a manner as the People of Pleaſure may read me. In this caſe I muſt not be rough to Gentlemen and Ladies, but ſpeak of Sin as a Gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiſs, if therefore I ſhould call my preſent Precaution *a Criticiſm upon Fornication*; and by repreſenting the unjuſt Taſte they have who affect that way of Pleaſure, bring a Diſtaſte upon it among all thoſe who are judicious in their Satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay down for a Rule, That he who follows this kind of Gratification, gives up much greater delight by purſuing it, than he can poſſibly enjoy from it. As to the Common Women and the Stews, there is no one but will allow this Aſſertion at firſt ſight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with thoſe of the Sex who are leſs profligate deſcend to greater Baſeneſſes than if they frequented Brothels, it ſhould, methinks, bring this Iniquity under ſome Diſcountenance. The Rake, who without ſenſe of Character or Decency, wallows and ranges in common Houſes, is guilty no further than of proſtituting himſelf, and expoſing his Health to Diſeaſes; but the Man of Gallantry cannot purſue his Pleaſures without Treachery to ſome Man he ought to love, and making deſpicable the Woman he admires. To live in a continual Deceit, to reflect upon the Diſhonour you do ſome Husband, Father or Brother, who does not deſerve this of you, and whom you would deſtroy did you know they did the like towards you, are Circumſtances which pall the Appetite, and give a Man of any Senſe of Honour very painful Mortification. What more need be ſaid againſt a Gentleman's delight, than that he himſelf thinks himſelf a baſe Man in purſuing it? When it is thoroughly conſidered, he gives up his very Being as a Man of Integrity, who commences Gallant. Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the Criminal will find that thoſe whom they moſt eſteemed are of a ſudden become the moſt diſagreeable Companions; nay, their good Qualities are grown odious and painful. It is ſaid, People who have the Plague have a delight in communicating the Infection; in like manner, the Senſe of Shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the Guilty this way to contribute to the Deſtruction of others. And Women are pleaſed to introduce more Women into the ſame Condition, tho' they can have no other Satisfaction from it, than that the Infamy is ſhared among greater Numbers, which they flatter themſelves eaſes the burthen of each particular Perſon.

It is a moſt melancholy Conſideration, that for momentary Senſations of Joy, obtained by ſtealth, Men are forced into a conſtraint of all their Words and Actions in the general and ordinary Occurrences of Life. It is an impoſſibility in this caſe to be faithful to one Perſon, without being falſe to all the reſt of the World: The gay Figures in which Poetical Men of looſe Morals have placed this kind of ſtealth are but feeble Conſolations, when a Man is enclined to Soliloquy or Meditation upon his paſt Life; Flaſhes of Wit can promote Joy, but they cannot allay Grief.

Diſeaſe, Sickneſs and Misfortune are what all Men living are liable to, it is therefore ridiculous and mad to purſue, inſtead of ſhunning, what muſt add to our Anguiſh under Diſeaſe, Sickneſs or Misfortune. It is poſſible there may be thoſe whoſe Bloods are too warm to admit of theſe Compunctions; if there are ſuch, I am ſure they are laying up ſtore for them: But I have better hopes of thoſe who have not yet erazed the Impreſſions and Advantages of a good Education and Fortune; they may be aſſured, *that whoever wholly give themſelves up to Luſt, will ſoon find it the leaſt Fault they are guilty of.*

Irreconcilable Hatred to thoſe they have injured, mean ſhifts to cover their Offences, Envy and Malice to the Innocent, and a general Sacrifice of all that is Good-natured or Praiſe-worthy when it interrupts them, will poſſeſs all their Faculties, and make them utter Strangers to the noble Pleaſures which flow from Honour and Virtue. Happy are they, who, from the Viſitation of Sickneſs, or any other Accident, are awakened from a Courſe which leads to an inſenſibility of the greateſt Enjoyments in human Life.

A *French* Author, giving an Account of a very agreeable Man, in whoſe Character he mingles good Qualities and Infirmities, rather than Vices and Virtues, tells the following Story.

'Our

(Price Two Pence.)

'Our Knight, says he, was pretty much addicted 'to the most fashionable of all Faults. He had a 'loose Rogue for a Lacquey, not a little in his Fa'vour, though he had no other Name for him when 'he spoke of him but *the Rascal*, or to him but '*Sirrah*. One Morning when he was dressing, 'Sirrah, says he, be sure you bring home this Eve'ning a pretty Wench. The Fellow was a Person 'of Diligence and Capacity, and had for some time 'address'd himself to a decay'd old Gentlewoman, 'who had a young Maiden to her Daughter, beau'teous as an Angel, not yet sixteen Years of Age. 'The Mother's extream Poverty, and the Insinua'tions of this artful Lacquey concerning the soft 'Disposition and Generosity of his Master, made 'her consent to deliver up her Daughter. But many 'were the Intreaties and Representations of the Mo'ther to gain her Child's Consent to an Action, which 'she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted 'her to it; but Child, says she, can you see your Mo'ther die for Hunger? The Virgin argued no longer, 'but bursting into Tears, said she would go any 'where. The Lacquey conveyed her with great Ob'sequiousness and Secrecy to his Master's Lodging, 'and placed her in a commodious Apartment till he 'came home. The Knight, who knew his Man 'never failed of bringing in his Prey, indulged 'his Genius at a Banquet, and was in high Hu'mour at an Entertainment with Ladies, expect'ing to be received in the Evening by one as agree'able as the best of them. When he came home, 'his Lacquey met him with a saucy and joyful 'Familiarity, crying out, She is as handsome as an 'Angel, (for there is no other Simile on these Oc'sions) but the tender Fool has wept till her Eyes 'are swelled and bloated; for she is a Maid and a 'Gentlewoman. With that he conducted his Ma'ster to the Room where she was, and retired. The 'Knight, when he saw her bathed in Tears, said in 'some Surprize, Don't you know, young Woman, 'why you were brought hither? The unhappy Maid 'fell on her Knees, and with many Interruptions 'of Sighs and Tears said to him, I know, alas! too 'well why I am brought hither; my Mother, to 'get Bread for her and my self, has sent me to do what 'you pleased; but wou'd it would please Heaven I 'could die, before I am added to the Number of 'those miserable Wretches who live without Ho'nour! With this Reflection she wept anew, and 'beat her Bosom. The Knight stepping back from 'her, said, I am not so abandoned as to hurt your 'Innocence against your Will.

'The Novelty of the Accident surpriz'd him into 'Virtue; and covering the young Maid with a 'Cloak, he led her to a Relation's House, to whose 'Care he recommended her for that Night. The 'next Morning he sent for her Mother, and ask'd 'her if her Daughter was a Maid? The Mother 'assured him, that when she delivered her to his 'Servant she was a Stranger to Man. Are not 'you then, reply'd the Knight, a wicked Woman 'to contrive the Debauchery of your own Child? 'She held down her Face with Fear and Shame, 'and in her Confusion uttered some broken Words 'concerning her Poverty. Far be it, said the Gen'tleman, that you should relieve your self from 'Want by a much greater Evil: Your Daughter is a 'fine young Creature; do you know of none that 'ever spoke of her for a Wife? The Mother an'swer'd, There is an honest Man in our Neigh'bourhood that loves her, who has often said he 'would marry her with Two Hundred Pounds. The 'Knight ordered his Man to reckon out that Sum, 'with an Addition of Fifty to buy the Bride Cloaths, 'and Fifty more as an Help to her Mother.

I appeal to all the Gallants in Town, Whether possessing all the Beauties in *Great-Britain* could give half the Pleasure, as this young Gentleman had in the Reflection of having relieved a miserable Parent from Guilt and Poverty, an innocent Virgin from Publick Shame, and bestowing a Virtuous Wife upon an honest Man?

As all Men who are guilty this way have not Fortunes or Opportunities for making such Atonements for their Vices, yet all Men may do what is certainly in their Power at this good Season. For my Part I don't care how ridiculous the Mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good Consequence upon the Wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and miserable of Mankind to the Charity of all in prosperous Conditions under the same Guilt with those Wretches. The *Lock* Hospital in *Kent-street*, *Southwark*, for Men, that in *Kingsland* for Women, is a Receptacle for all Sufferers mangled by this Iniquity. Penitents should in their own Hearts take upon them all the Shame and Sorrow they have escaped; and it would become them to make an Oblation for their Crimes, by Charity to those upon whom Vice appears in that utmost Misery and Deformity; which they themselves are free from by their better Fortune, rather than greater Innocence. It would quicken our Compassion in this Case, if we considered there may be Objects there, who would now move Horror and Loathing, that we have once embraced with Transport; and as we are Men of Honour (for I must not speak as we are Christians) let us not desert our Friends for the Loss of their Noses.

ERRATA in Yesterday's Paper.

Col. 3. line 15. for *demanded* r. *demand*. l. 54. for *flashes* r. *flashes*. Col. 4. l. 11. for *partes* r. *parles*. for *moi* r. *moi*. l. 12. for *tei* r. *toi*. l. 14. for *l'on* r. *l'on*. for *creit* r. *croit*. for *l'autre!* r. *l'autre*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Collection of extraordinary Original Pictures, by several of the most celebrated Masters, viz. *S. Bourdo*, Cl. Lorain, G. Poussin, Salv. Rosa, P. Brill, Poelemburgh, Rotenhamer, Teneers, the Velvet Brughel, Bouver, Vandevelde, &c. will be sold by Auction this Day, the 31st of March, 1713. at the Three Chairs, the Corner House of the Little Piazza, Covent Garden: Where Catalogues may be had, and at Mr. Cooper's in Bedford-street. The Sale to begin at ten a Clock precisely.

For SALE by the CANDLE,

On Thursday next, the 2d of April, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 3 in the Afternoon (only one Jar or half Jar in a Lot) viz. 60 whole, and 20 half Jars of super fine Lucca Oil, an entire parcel, none Sold out. To be seen and tasted in a Cellar under the House of Mr. Longuet, Merchant in Fenchurch-street between Mincing-lane and Mark-lane, this Day and to-morrow from 7 to 12, and from 2 to 7, and all Thursday to noon 'till the time of Sale. To be Sold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker in Bearing-lane in Tower-street.

Lost from the Lodging, late of Deborah Bradford, Widow, Deceas'd, in Ormond-street in January last, one large Silver Salver, the Coat engraved in the middle, being a Fess embattled between six Mascles; a Silver Basin marked 40 Ounces on the bottom on the outside; a round brimm'd Silver Bason, a Crest engraved on the brim. A Silver Cup holding a Quart or three Pints, with two handles, and a Cover and three Feet on the Cover; between 20l. and 30l. in old broad Gold Pieces; and also Sheets, Table Cloths, Napkins, and Towels, some marked W D, others marked K P, and other Goods. The Person who shall discover the same to Mr. Cooper, Goldsmith, at the end of Arundel-street in the Strand, so that the same may be recovered by her Executors, shall have 5 l. reward, or a proportionable Sum for such part as shall be recovered.

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LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonson* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in. 1713.